

Paralyzed by the Fall.

Paralyzed by the Fall. Pink Pills for Pale People. He coaxed his granddaughter to get him a box of the pills. After that box had been used he secured another. In three weeks he began to feel a little life in his arm; at the end of four he could move his fingers; at the end of two months he could walk, and in three months he could walk, and in three months he could shave himself with the injured hand.

As he told his story in the Herald office, he looked the perfect picture of health. He carries a box of the pills in his pocket, and whenever he does not feel just right, he takes them. They cured him after doctors had given him up, and his death was daily

takes them. They cured him after doctors had given him up, and his death was daily

expected.
All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for densed form in Dr. williams Fink Fink Fink or Paie People. They are an unfailing spe-cific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neurelgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in mule or female.

The man who wants to bet \$5 Satur day night generally wants to borrow that amount Monday morning.

All wish to possess knowledge but few, comparatively speaking, are will-ing to pay the price.

PRACTICAL KINDNESS.

Hundred Thousand Grateful Soldiers.

These war times have tried men's souls in many unexpected ways, but like a shaft of sunshine and good cheer out of the gloud of privation and endurance has been the work that The American Tobacco Co, has done among the U. S. Soldiers and Sailors ever since the war began-for when they discovered that the camps and hospitals were not supplied with tobacco they decided to provide them, free of cost, with enough for every man, and have algiven outright to our Soldiers and Saliots over one hundred thousand pounds of "Battle Ax Plug" and pounds of "Battle Ax Plug" and "Duke's Mixture" Smoking Tobacco, and have bought and distributed fifty thousand briar wood pipes, at a total cost of between fifty and sixty thousand dollars

This work has been done quietly and thoroughly, by establishing headquarters in each camp, so that every camp and every hospital of the United States Army has been supplied with enough tobacco for every man and the sailors on thirty United States Ships in Cuban waters have shared with the soldiers this most welcome of all "rations."

Perhaps it will be only fair to re-nember when we hear the remark gain that "corporations have no souls," that the is one American cor-poration whose soul has been tried and has not been found wanting in "practical kindness."

An easy-going young man never lin-gers with his best girl until after mid-

Have You

Been Sick

Perhaps you have had the

grippe or a hard cold. You

may be recovering from

malaria or a slow fever; or

possibly some of the chil-

dren are just getting over

the measles or whooping

Are you recovering as fast

as you should? Has not

your old trouble left your

blood full of impurities? And isn't this the reason

you keep so poorly? Don't

It will remove all impuri-ties from your blood. It is also a tonic of immense

value. Give nature a little help at this time. Aid her by removing all the products of disease from your blood.

If your bowels are not just right, Ayer's Pills will make them so. Send for cur book on Diet in Censti-

TALMAGE'S

"ENOUGH BETTER THAN TOO MUCH," THE SUBJECT.

The Text is I. Chron., 20 6-7, as Follows: "A Man of Great Stature, Whose Fingers and Toes Were Four and Twenty, Six on Each Hand," etc.

Malformation photographed, and for what reason? Did not this passage elip in by mistake into the sacred Scriptures, as sometimes a paragraph utterly obnoxious to the editor gets into his newspaper during his absence? Is not this Scriptural errata? No, no; there is nothing haphazard about the Bible. This passage of Scripture was as certainly intended to be put into the Bible as the verse, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," or, "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son."

And I select it for my text today because it is charged with practical and tremendous meaning. By the people of God the Philistines had been conquered, with the exception of a few The race of giants is mostly extinct, I am glad to say. There is no use for giants now except to enlarge the income of museums. But there were many of them in olden times. Goliath was, according to the Biblie, 11 feet 4½ inches high. Or, if you doubt this, the famous Pliny declares that at Crete, by an earthquake, a monument was broken open, discovering the remains of a giant 46 cubits long, or 69 feet high. So, whether you take sacred or profane history, you must come to the conclusion that there were in those times cases of human altitude mon-

strous and appalling. David had smashed the skull of one of these glants, but there were other giants that the Davidean wars had not yet subdued, and one of them stands in my text. He was not only of Alpine stature, but had a surplus of digits. To the ordinary fingers was annexed an additional finger, and the foot had also

a superfluous addendum. He had twenty-four terminations to hands and feet, where others have twenty. It was not the only instance of the kind. Tavernier, the learned writer, says that the emperor of Java had a son endowed with the same number of extremitles. Volcatius, the poet, had six fingers on each hand, Maupertuis, in his celebrated letters, speaks of two families near Berlin similarly equipped of hand and foot. All of which I can believe, for I have seen two cases of the same physical superabundance. But this giant of the text is in battle, and as David, the stripling warrior, has dispatched one giant, the nephew of David slays this monster of my text, and there he lies after the battle in Gath, a dead giant. His stature did not save him, and his superfluous appendices of hand and foot did not save him. The probability was that in the battle his sixth finger on his hand made him clumey in the use of his weapon, and his sixth toe crippled his gait. Behold the prostrate and malformed giant of the text: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand and six on each foot; and he also was the son of a giant. But when he defied Israel,

brother, slew him." Behold how superfluities are a hindrance rather than a help! In all the a man with ordinary hand and ordiriosity of my text. A dwarf on the right side is stronger than a giant on the wrong side, and all the body and you cannot use for God and the betterment of the world is a sixth finger and a sixth toe, and a terrible hindrance. The most of the good done in the world, and the most of those who win the battles for the right, are ordinary people. Count the fingers of their right hand, and they have just five-no more and no less. One Doctor Duff among missionaries, but three thousand missionaries that would tell you they have only common endowment. One Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick in conspicuous places, but ten thousand women who are just as good nurses, though never heard of. The "Swamp Angel" was a big gun that during the civil war made a big noise, but muskets of ordinary caliber and Sall Sall and the shells of ordinary heft did the execution. President Tyler and his cabinet go down the Potomac one day to experiment with the "Peacemaker," a great iron gun that was to affright with its thunder foreign navies. The gunner touches it off, and it explodes, and leaves cabinet ministers dead on the deck, while at that time, all up and down our coasts, were cannon of ordinary bore, able to be the defense of the nation, and ready at the first touch to waken to duty. The curse of the world is big guns. After the politicians, who have made all the noise, go home hourse from angry discussion on the evening of the first Monday in November, the next day the people, with the silent ballots, will settle everything, and settle it right, a million of the

white slips of paper they drop making about as much noise as the fall of an apple-blossom Clear back in the country today there are mothers in plain apron, and shoes fashioned on a rough last by a shoemaker at the end of the lane, rocking bables that are to be the Martin Luthers and the Faradays and the Edlsons and the Bismarcks and the Gladstones and the Washingtons and the George Whitefields of the future. The longer I live the more I like common folks. They do the world's work, bearing the world's burdens, weeping the world's sympathies, carrying the world's consolation. Among lawyers we see rise up a Rufus Choate, or a William Wirt, or a Samuel L. Southwe, but society would go to pieces to- God could have ever planned or made-

common lawyers to see that men and women get their rights. A Valentine Mott or a Willard Parker rises up eminent in the medical profession; but what an unlimited sweep would pneumonia and diphtheria and scarlet fever have in the world if it were not for en thousand common doctors! The old physician in his gig, driving up the lane of the farm-house, or riding on horseback, his medicines in the saddlebags, arriving on the ninth day of the fever, and coming in to take hold of the pulse of the patient, while the family, pale with anxiety, and looking on and waiting for his decision in regard to the patient, and hearing him. say, "Thank God, I have mastered the case; he is getting well!" excites in me an admiration quite equal to the mention of the names of the great metropolitan doctors of the past or the illustrious living men of the present.

Yet what do we see in all departmenta? People not satisfied with ordipary spheres of work and ordinary duties. Instead of trying to see what they can do with a hand of five fingers, they want six. Instead of usual endowment of twenty manual and pedal addenda, they want twenty-four. A certain amount of money for livelihood, and for the supply of those whom we leave behind us after we have departed this life, is important, for we have the best authority for saying, "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel; "but the large and fabulous sums for which many struggle, if obtained, would be a hindrance rather than an advantage.

The anxieties and annoyances of those whose estates have become plethoric can only be told by those who possess them. It will be a good thing when, through your industry and prosperity, you can own the house in which you live. But suppose you own fifty houses, and you have all those rents to collect, and all those tenants to please. Suppose you have branched out in business successes until in almost every direction you have investments. The fire bell rings at night, you rush upstairs to look out of the window, to see if it is any of your mills. Epidemie of crime comes, and there are embezzlements and absconding in all directions, and you wonder whether any of your bookkeepers will prove recreant. A panic strikes the financial world, and you are a hen under a sky full of hawks, and trying with anxious cluck to get your overgrown chickens safely under wing, After a certain stage of success has been reached, you have to trust so many important things to others that you are apt to become the prey of others, and you are swindled and defrauded, and the anxiety you had on your brow when you were earning your first thousand dollars is not equal to the anxiety on your brow now that you have won your three hundred thousand.

I am glad for the benevolent insti-

tutions that get a legacy from men who during their life were as stingy as death, but who in their last will and testament bestowed money on hospitals and missionary societies; but for such testators I have no respect. They would have taken every cent of it with them if they could, and bought up half of heaven and let it out at rulnous rent, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's or loaned the money to celestial citizens at two per cent a month, and got a "corner" on harps and trumpets. They lived in this world fifty or sixty years battle at Gath that day there was not in the presence of appalling suffering and want, and made no efforts for nary foot and ordinary stature that was | their relief. The charities of such peonot better off than this physical cu- ple are in the "Paulo-post future" tence; they are going to do them. The probability is that if such a one in his last will by a donation to benevolent mind and estate and opportunity that societies tries to atone for his lifetime close-fistedness, the heirs-at-law will try to break the will by proving that the old man was senile or crazy, and the expense of the litigation will about leave in the lawyer's hands what was meant for the Bible Society, O ye over-weighted, successful business men, whether this sermon reach your ear or your eyes, let me say that if you are prostrated with anxieties about keeping or investing these tremendous fortunes, I can tell how you can do more to get your health back and your spirits raised than by drinking gallone of bad-tasting water at Saratoga, Homburg or Carlshad: Give to God, humanity, and the Bible ten per cent of all your income, and it will make a new man of you, and from restless walking of the floor at night you shall have eight hours' sleep, without the help of bromide of potassium, and from no appetite you will hardly be able to wait for your regular meals, and your wan cheek will fill up, and when you die the blessings of those who but for you would have perished will bloom all over

your grave. Perhaps some of you will take this advice, but the most of you will not. And you will try to cure your swollen hand by getting on it more fingers, and your rheumatic foot by getting on it more toes, and there will be a sigh of relief when you are gone out of the world: and when over your remains the minister recites the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," persons who have keen appreclation of the ludicrous will hardly be able to keep their faces straight. But whether in that direction my words do good or not. I am anxious that all who have only ordinary equipment be thankful for what they have and rightly employ it. I think you all have, figuratively as well as literally, fingers enough. Do not long for hindering superfluities. Standing in the presence of this fallen giant of my text, and in this post-mortem examination of him. let us learn how much better off we are with just the usual hand, the usual foot. You have thanked God for a thousand things, but I warrant you never thanked him for those two implements of work and locomotion, that no one but the Infinite and Omnipotent

SERMON. morrow if there were not thousands of the hand and the foot. Only that soldier or that mechanic who in a battle, or through machinery, has lost them knows anything adequately about their value, and only the Christian scientist can have any appreciation of what divine masterpieces they are. . .

The malformation of this fallen giant's foot glorifles the ordinary foot, for which I fear you have never once thanked God. The twenty-six bones of the foot are the admiration of the anatomist. The arch of the foot fashloned with a grace and a poise that Trajan's arch, or Constantine's arch, or any other arch could not equal. Those arches stand where they were planted, but this arch of the foot is an adjustable arch, a yielding arch, a flying arch, and ready for movements innumerable. The human foot so fashioned as to enable a man to stand upright as no other creature, and leave the hand. that would otherwise have to help in balancing the body, free for anything it chooses. The foot of the camel fashioned for the sand, the foot of the bird fashioned for the tree-branch, the foot of the hind fashioned for the slippery rock, the foot of the lion fashioned to rend its prey, the foot of the horse fashioned for the solid earth, but the foot of man made to cross the desert. or climb the tree, or scale the cliff, or walk the earth, or go anywhere he

needs to go. With that divine triumph of anatomy in your possession where do you walk? In what path of righteousness or what path of sin have you set it down? Where have you left the mark of your footsteps? Amid the petrifactions in the rocks have been found the marks of the feet of birds and beasts of thousands of years ago. And God can trace out all the footsteps of your lifetime, and those you made fifty years ago are as plain as those made in the last soft weather, all of them petrified for the Judgment Day.

That there might be no doubt about the fact that both these pieces of Divine mechanism, hand and foot, belong to Christ's service, both hands of Christ and both feet of Christ were spiked on the cross. Right through the arch of both his feet to the hollow of his instep went the iron of torture. and from the palm of his hand to the back of it, and there is not a muscle or nerve or bone among the twentyseven bones of hand and wrist, or among the twenty-six bones of the foot, but it belongs to him now and forever.

That is the most beautiful foot that goes about paths of greatest usefulness, and that the most beatuiful hand that does the most help to others. I was reading of three women in rivalry about the appearance of the hand. And the one reddened her hand with berries, and said the beautiful tinge made hers the most beautiful. And another put her hand in the mountain brook and said, as the waters dripped off, that her hand was the most beautiful. And another plucked flowers off the bank, and under the bloom contended that her hand was the most attractive. Then a poor old woman appeared, and looking up in her decrepitude asked for alms. And a woman who had not taken part in the rivalry gave her alms. And all the women resolved to leave to this beggar the question as to which of all the hands present was the most attractive, and she said: "The most beautiful of them all is the one that gave relief to my necessities," and as she so said her wrinkles and rags and her decrepitude and her body disappeared, and in place thereof stood the ong ago said: much as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me!" and who to purchase the service of our hand and foot here on earth had his own hand and foot lacerated.

A Newspaper "Beat."

Walter Russell contributes an article entitled "Incidents of the Cuban Blockade" to the September Century. Mr. Russell says: My time while on the blockade, serving as a special artist, was about equally divided between the various warships and a small steamyacht the duty of which was to divine intuitively when and where something was to occur, and be there to witness it. Our little crew of four constituted a strategy board in itself. We were indeed, war prophets. More than once wisdom in our reasoning brought us our reward. More than once we were alone in our glory, the only dispatchboat on the spot. A sallor boy had asked me to bring him from Key West fifty boxes of cigarettes for some of the crew; and one morning I threw the bundle upon the deck of his ship. Tearing off the cover, he scrawled the words, "Thanks! Hope to meet you twenty-two miles to the eastward at noon," and scaled the bit of pasteboard to me. A correspondent who by common consent was chairman of our strategy board was on board the ship at that time, and obtained another slight clue. So we headed eastward from Havana, while the blocksding fleet lay basking serenely in the sun. So also did many dispatch bonts. At noon my sailor friend and his ship were there. Shortly after noon there was an engagement-the first of the war-and there was no other dispatch boat near. Next morning New Yorkers were informed that dispatch boats were as numerous there as picketa in a fence. Every newspaper had a dezen. The incident was witnessed by only one artist besides the writer; yet I have since seen a double-page color supplement of that battle in a weekly periodical, where, under the artist's name, was printed the claim that it was sketched from our yacht.

Nothing humiliates a woman more than to have a man see her naked feet. Usually they are out of shape, from wearing shoes too small for her. This is the reason the women scream so when a man appears.

In some parts of Norway corn is still used as a substitute for coin.

MANY FEMALE ILLS RESULT FROM NEGLECT.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks May Produce Displacements That Threaten Women's Health.

Apparently trifling incidents in women's daily life frequently producedisplacements of the womb. A slipon the stairs, lifting during menstruction, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks, may result in displacement, and

a train of serious evils is started. The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of Lydia

E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. MARY BENNETT, 314 Annie St., Bay City, Mich., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can hardly find words with which to thank you for the good your remedies have done me. For nearly four years I suffered with weakness of the generative organs, continual backache, headache, sideache, and all the pains that accompany female weakness. A friend told my husband about your Vegetable Compound and he brought me home two bottles. After taking these I felt much better, but thought that I would write to you in regard to my case, and you do not know how thankful I

am to you for your advice and for the benefit I have received from the use of your medicine. I write this letter for the good of my suffering sisters."

The above letter from Mrs. Bennett is the history of many women who have

been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice--A Woman best Understands a Woman's Ills



"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH



worg at less price than agents and no low grade venicles. We saip anywhere, subject to examination. We select the control of t

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."



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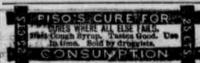
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